

Sweet Like Honey by fearofsilence

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Summary:

“You don't even know how gorgeous you are, do you?”

Jonathan scoffs. “Well, you only tell me every day.”

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Author's Note:

Day 6: Fluff and Good Stuff

Title from "for him." by Troye Sivan.

I was gonna use the full lyric/most of it ("sickeningly sweet like honey, don't need money all I need is you") but I didn't want the title to be longer than the story lol.

Summer days are meant for spending too many hours in the sun, laying back and soaking up the warmth. Steve's spent entire summers lazing about by the pool, on the verge of heatstroke, trudging back inside only for dinner, sun-sleepy and red as a lobster.

It used to be him and Tommy, and then him and Tommy and Carol. It used to be the pool in his backyard, where he could go for a dip when it got too hot.

But now it's Jonathan. Jonathan in his jeans and t-shirt still while Steve's stripped down to his boxers. Jonathan sitting in the shade of a rocky overhang because he doesn't want to get burnt. Jonathan who insisted they hang out at the quarry instead of Steve's big, empty house because it only reminds him of how different their worlds are.

Steve doesn't mind though. As long as they're together.

The camera he bought for him sits between them in the grass, just within arm's reach. Steve grabs for it, almost bracing for a freakout that won't come. Jonathan used to tense up whenever Steve touched his camera, after *the incident*. He'd watch him closely to make sure he didn't break anything, even by accident. Now he hardly even looks Steve's way.

Which is good, he thinks as he lifts the camera to his face to snap a photo of the younger boy. Jonathan's face is half-buried in his book – Vonnegut, or Kerouac, or Orwell; Steve didn't care to look that closely. His hair falls over amaretto eyes hyperfocused, poring over

the pages.

He looks like an absolute dream. Like a character out of one of those hipstery books he loves so much.

Jonathan raises an eyebrow, peering at Steve over the paperback now shielding him from view.

“You don't even know how gorgeous you are, do you?” Steve asks, smile innocent, reaching out to lower the book, to take it out of Jonathan's hands. He lets him, even though his face has gone red and Steve knows how much Jonathan hates it when he sees him blush.

Jonathan scoffs. “Well, you only tell me every day.”

“And I'll keep telling you,” Steve promises as he sets the book and camera down together on the grass. His hand finds Jonathan's jaw, thumb brushing over the ruddy-pink skin of his cheek. “Until you believe me.”

Author's Note:

Sorry it's short! But there will be another one up later today.

First though, hypothetical question: if one were to perform a sexy dance/striptease to any Christmas song (pre-1990), what song would that be? I'm thinking "Jingle Bell Rock" but I'm open to suggestions.